

Psycroptic

"So, How Does The Floor Taste?"

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Everyone I've ever met in my life was a fucking idiot. I want to smash all my friends' faces with a fucking hammer. The only reason I haven't committed suicide yet is out of spite. I want to try fucking someone while they're crying. I have a fucking problem that I can't overcome. Everything is fucking pointless and I fucking hate everyone. I feel like someone's farted in a funeral. If you could read my thoughts, you'd put me in a fucking cage. Let me tell you something you don't want to hear. It's not even true. Nobody likes me because I am strange and dirty. I hide in my fucking basement all fucking day because I can read other peoples' fucking thoughts and they fucking disturb me. Plus, the fucking sun hurts my fucking eyes. I wish I could stitch my fucking mouth shut and take back everything I have ever fucking said to anyone. Sometimes these fucking humans are amusing and I enjoy them, but they just don't fucking get it. Fuck this shit, I feel like dancing.

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